

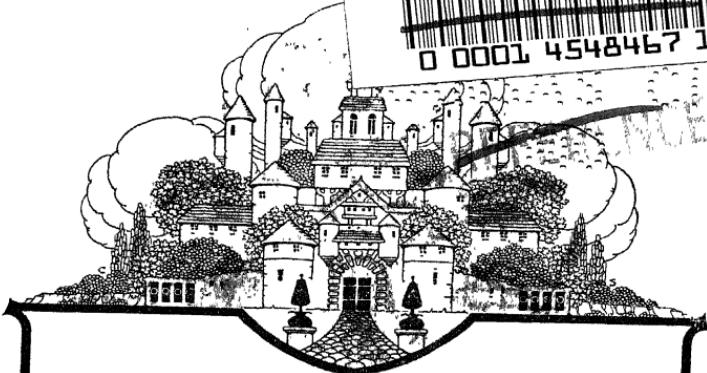
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THE CHILDREN'S FIRST BOOK OF POETRY



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EMILIE KIP BAKER

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CHILDREN'S FIRST BK. OF POETRY.

E. P. 4

INTRODUCTION

WE hear much nowadays about the decline of poetry. No one reads poetry any more. Poets cannot make a living. The world has ceased to express its ideals in verse. The novel and the short story, rather than the epic or the lyric, furnish our instruction and our inspiration. The magazine and the newspaper are our substitute for a library; and these print verses only to fill out a column or a page. In short, we are living in a reflective, a scientific, a prose age. So we are told.

Like most generalizations about the complex phenomena of modern life, this is only partially true. Every year brings new volumes of dramatic, narrative, and lyric poetry of high merit. Yeats, Synge, and Phillips; Noyes, Masefield, and Gibson;—these and scores of other names come to mind to prove that the gift of song has not fled the earth. Nor are the old poets forgotten. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow, still sell by the

thousands. We must believe that they are still read. We knew that they are quoted, and cited, though less ostentatiously than by our grandsires. We certainly read more prose than former generations, and, possibly, less poetry. But we do still read poetry, and few will doubt that we are somehow the better for it.

Into this heritage of poetry we would admit, not the adults only, but the children. It is in the firm belief that children can enjoy poetry, and can find in it the highest educational value, that this anthology has been compiled. As such an anthology should, it has included those minor classics commonly called "old favorites," other poems of equal or greater merit that are less well known, and many of the newer things that, by their piquancy of beauty or humor, seem entitled to a place in our mental treasure-house. This is the service of an anthology, that it brings together, between the covers of a small book, many precious things that are widely scattered, and might be inaccessible or forgotten. The range of theme and type is large: ballads, pure lyrics, narratives, and elegiacs are all represented. The three hundred or more poems in this series, including nearly all the themes, expressing nearly all the ideals and emotions found in literature, afford an imaginative outlook

on life such as could hardly be found in many volumes: — so compact, so suggestive, is poetry.

Perhaps no system of grading poetry for young readers can ever be wholly satisfactory. Many poems cannot be graded, for the simple reason that they appeal to all ages. Who will say whether *Sennacherib*, the *Twenty-Third Psalm*, *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Lobsters' Quadrille*, and *Bed in Summer* can give more pleasure at the age of eight or eighteen or twenty-eight? Of course there are large dividing lines: the nursery rimes, the verses about childhood and fairies, best suit one age, stories of chivalry another, nature-poetry and reflective, or elegiac, poetry yet another. The grading of this series runs along these broad lines.

How should such an anthology be used? One is tempted to answer flippantly: with good taste and good sense. Certainly it is not to be read straight through, with remorseless continuity. One doesn't read poetry so; one takes it in bits, intersperses it between other reading, returns to it again and again, dips in here and there, reads his favorites often, "proves everything," and "holds fast to that which is good" for him. One tries to *understand* as well as to *enjoy*; but he doesn't always make the attack with the persistent analysis that

he brings to his mathematics. One wants his poetry, in brief, to be something from which he can gain new ideas, new outlooks, while feeding his soul with pleasant emotions. It is not poetry for us, if it is arid.

The teacher can help, of course. Sometimes, not always, she can make comments that lend light and feeling. Often, but not always, she can help by reading aloud. Sometimes, where necessary, she can ask questions to provoke thought and bring out the meaning. Sometimes she should simply tell the meaning. Always her function is to stimulate, suggest, guide, but not to obstruct the sunlight of the poet's genius.

There should be much reading aloud by the pupils. Remembering that, being poetry, it is rhythmic utterance, they should read it so; not singsong fashion, nor yet in the bald and unrhythmic fashion of prose.

Finally, the pupils should be led to commit much to memory, as much as they can and will. So they make fine sentiment and beautiful language *theirs*; so the poet's followers "learned his great language, caught his clear accents."

FRANKLIN T. BAKER.

TEACHERS COLLEGE,
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

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PART ONE

THE world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

COME OUT TO PLAY

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon is shining as bright as day:
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And join your playfellows in the street.
Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

TIME TO RISE

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
“Ain’t you ‘shamed, you sleepy head !”

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A FARMER WENT RIDING

A FARMER went riding upon his gray mare,

Bumpety, bumpety, bump !

With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair,

Lumpety, lumpety, lump !

A raven cried "croak"! and they all tumbled down,

Bumpety, bumpety, bump !

The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,

Lumpety, lumpety, lump !

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,

Bumpety, bumpety, bump !

And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,

Lumpety, lumpety, lump ! .

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

THE lion and the unicorn

Were fighting for the crown :

The lion beat the unicorn

 All around the town.

Some gave them white bread,

 And some gave them brown ;

Some gave them plum cake,

 And drummed them out of town.

WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums ;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR

WHEN I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon a shelf ;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
I had to go to London to get myself a wife.
The streets were so bad and the lanes were so narrow,
I had to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow ;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife had a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a 'king?

The king was in his countinghouse,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
Down flew a blackbird
And nipped off her nose.



BIRTHDAYS

MONDAY's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and merry and good and gay.

BOBBY SHAFTO

BOBBY SHAFTO's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee,
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair.
He's my love for evermair,
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

PUSSYCAT RIMES

I

PUSSYCAT, pussycat with a white foot,
To-morrow's my wedding, won't you come to it?
I've cakes to bake and I've beer to brew,
And pussycat, pussycat, what would you do?

II

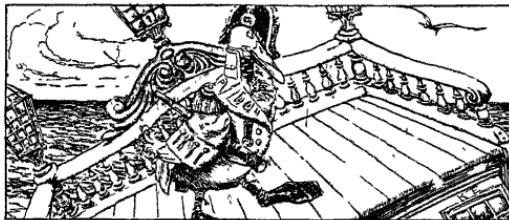
PUSSYCAT mole jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a big hole.
Poor pussy's weeping, she'll get no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

III

WHO'S that ringing at my doorbell?
I'm a little pussycat and I'm not very well.
Then rub your little nose with a little mutton fat,
For that's the best thing for a little pussycat.

IV

PUSSYCAT, pussycat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the queen.
Pussycat, pussycat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.



I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee !

There were raisins in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a jacket on his back ;
When the ship began to sail,
The captain cried, "Quack ! quack !"

THE OLD WOMAN

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to the market her eggs for to sell;
She went to the market all on a market day,
And she fell fast asleep on the king's highway.

Along came a pedler whose name it was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When the little old woman began to awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lauk a daisy on me, this can't be I!"

"But if it be I, as I hope it may be,
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he will bark and wail."

Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a daisy on me, this cannot be I."

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY LITTLE CAT?”

“WHERE are you going, my little cat?”

“I am going to town to get me a hat.”

“What! A hat for a cat!

A cat get a hat!

Who ever yet saw a cat with a hat?”

“Where are you going, my little kittens?”

“We are going to town to get us some mittens.”

“What! Mittens for kittens!

Do kittens wear mittens?

Who ever saw little kittens with mittens?”

“Where are you going, my little pig?”

“I am going to town to get me a wig.”

“What! A wig for a pig!

A pig in a wig!

Who ever yet saw a pig in a wig?”

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

CHOOSING A KITTEN

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day;

A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play;

A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call;

And a gray-nosed kitten I wouldn't have at all.

THREE WELSHMEN

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other, he said nay ;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other, he said nay ;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half of it cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second, he said nay;
The third it was a pincushion,
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a hollow tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other, he said nay;
The third said 'twas an old man
Whose beard was growing gray.

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Roly !

Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

So off he set in his coat and hat,
Heigho, says Roly !

And on the way he met a rat,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

“Please, Mr. Rat, will you go with me?”
Heigho, says Roly !

“Good Mrs. Mouse for to see?”
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

When they came to the door of the mousie’s hole,
Heigho, says Roly !

They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

“Please, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?”

Heigho, says Roly !

“Oh, yes, dear sirs, I am sitting to spin,”

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

“Please, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?”

Heigho, says Roly !

“For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,”

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

“Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?”

Heigho, says Roly !

“But let it be something that’s not very long,”

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

But while they were making a terrible din,

Heigho, says Roly !

The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

The cat she seized Mr. Rat by the crown,

Heigho, says Roly !

The kittens they pulled Mrs. Mousie down,

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,

Heigho, says Roly !

He took up his hat and he wished them good night,

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly !

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,

Heigho, says Roly !

A lily-white duck came and swallowed him up,

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Roly !

RAIN

THE rain is raining all around,

It falls on field and tree,

It rains on the umbrellas here,

And on the ships at sea.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE FOX

THE Fox set out in a hungry plight,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to travel that night
Before he could reach his den O !

First he came to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared it was hard
That their nerves should be shaken, and their rest be
marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O !

He seized the gray goose by the sleeve,
Says he, "Madam Gray Goose, by your leave,
I'll carry you off without reprieve,
And take you away to my den O !"

He seized the gray duck by the neck,
And flung her over across his back,
While the old duck cried out, "Quack, quack, quack,"
With her legs dangling down behind O !

Then old Mrs. Flipper Flapper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head,
Crying, "John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the Fox is off to his den O !"

Then John went up to the top of the hill,
And he blew a blast both loud and shrill.
Says the Fox, "That is fine music, still
I'd rather be off to my den O!"

So the Fox he hurried home to his den,
To his dear little foxes eight, nine, ten.
Says he, "We're in luck, here's a big fat duck
With her legs dangling down behind O!"

Then the Fox sat down with his hungry wife,
And they made a good meal without fork or knife.
They never had a better time in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones O !

FISHING

THE finest, biggest fish, you see,
Will be the trout that's caught by me ;
But if the monster will not bite,
Why, then I'll hook a little mite.

THE MOON

Oh, look at the moon,
She is shining up there.
See, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow ;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings,
And nests among the trees ;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain ;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

ALL things bright and beautiful
 All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
 He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
 The river, running by,
The morning, and the sunset
 That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
 The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
 He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
 Who hath made all things well.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star !

How I wonder what you are,

Up above the world so high,

Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,

When the grass with dew is wet,

Then you show your little light,

Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,

And often through my curtains peep,

For you never shut your eye,

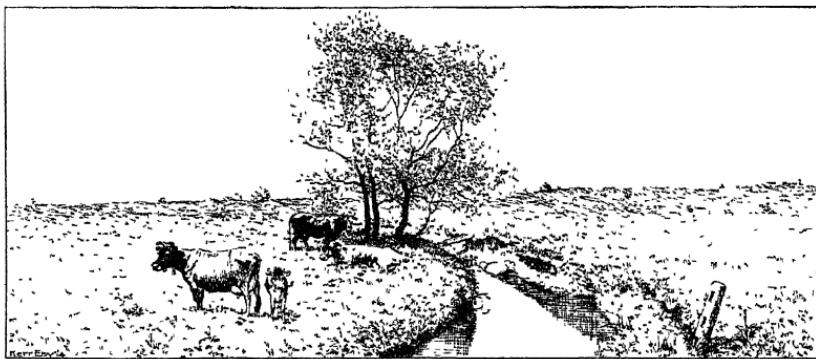
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark

Guides the traveler in the dark,

Though I know not what you are,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star !



PRETTY COW

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE COW

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders, lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
And eats the meadow flowers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THERE was an old man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on this stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of the cow."

EDWARD LEAR.

LONG TIME AGO

ONCE there was a little Kitty,
 White as the snow;
In a barn she used to frolic,
 Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
 Ran to and fro,
For she heard the little Kitty,
 Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little Kitty,
 Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little Kitty,
 Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
 All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out, "Oh!"
But she slipped away from Kitty,
Long time ago.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

BED IN SUMMER

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree.
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LITTLE BIRDIE

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie,
“Mother, let me fly away.”
“Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“Let me rise and fly away.”
“Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THERE was a young lady whose bonnet
Came untied when the birds sat upon it.
Said she, “I don’t care;
All the birds in the air
Are welcome to sit on my bonnet.”

THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES

THE woods are full of fairies !
The trees are all alive ;
The river overflows with them,
See how they dip and dive !
What funny little fellows !
What dainty little dears !
They dance and leap, and prance and peep,
And utter fairy cheers !

I'd like to tame a fairy,
To keep it on a shelf,
To see it wash its little face,
And dress its little self.
I'd teach it pretty manners,
It always should say, "Please!"
And then, you know, I'd make it sew,
And courtesy with its knees !

AN OLD RAT'S TALE

HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell ;
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved each other well.

He had a tail and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine ;
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good ;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain ;
But what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.



OVER IN THE MEADOW

OVER in the meadow,
 In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
 And her little toadie one.
“Wink !” said the mother ;
 “I wink,” said the one :
So she winked and she blinked
 In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
 Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
 And her little fishes two.
“Swim !” said the mother ;
 “We swim,” said the two :
So they swam and they leaped
 Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
 In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
 And her little birdies three.

“Sing!” said the mother;
“We sing,” said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
“Dive!” said the mother;
“We dive,” said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her little honeys five.
“Buzz!” said the mother;
“We buzz,” said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,

Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
“Caw !” said the mother ;
“We caw,” said the six :
So they cawed and they cawed
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gray mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.
“Chirp !” said the mother ;
“We chirp,” said the seven :
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard
And her little lizards eight.
“Bask !” said the mother ;
“We bask,” said the eight :
So they basked in the sun
By the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
“Croak!” said the mother;
“We croak,” said the nine;
So they croaked, and they splashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
“Spin!” said the mother;
“We spin,” said the ten:
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly
And her little flies eleven.
“Shine!” said the mother;
“We shine,” said the eleven:

So they shone like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant
And her little anties twelve.
“Toil!” said the mother;
“We toil,” said the twelve:
So they toiled and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

THE WIND

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

THE Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy ! O Pussy my love !
 What a beautiful Pussy you are, — you are !
 What a beautiful Pussy you are !”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl,
 How wonderfully sweet you sing !
Oh ! let us be married, too long we have tarried, —
 But what shall we do for a ring ?”
They sailed away for a year and a day
 To the land where the bong-tree grows ;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
 With a ring at the end of his nose, — his nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring ?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon ;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, — the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon

EDWARD LEAR.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm !
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play ;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food ;
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little pussy and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her ;
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paws,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claws ;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For pussy can't bear to be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR.



WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
Where will all come home?

On goes the river,
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PRINCE FINIKIN

PRINCE FINIKIN and his mamma
Sat sipping their bohea;¹
“Good gracious!” said his Highness, “why,
What girl is this I see?
“Most certainly it cannot be
A native of our town”;
And he turned him round to his mamma,
Who set her teacup down.
But Dolly simply looked at them,
She did not speak a word;
“She has no voice!” said Finikin;
“It’s really quite absurd.”
Then Finikin’s mamma observed,
“Dear Prince, it seems to me,
She looks as if she’d like to drink
A cup of my bohea.”
So Finikin poured out her tea,
And gave her currant pie;
Then Finikin said, “Dear mamma,
What a kind prince am I!”

KATE GREENAWAY.

¹ bohea, a kind of tea

TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

“*I'll* have that mouse,” said the bigger cat.
“*You'll* have that mouse ! We'll see about that !”
“*I will* have that mouse,” said the elder son.
“*You won't* have that mouse,” said the little one.

As I told you before, 'twas a stormy night,
When these two little kittens began to fight;
Then the old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid themselves down on a mat by the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

QUEEN MAB

A LITTLE fairy comes at night;
 Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
 And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
 And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left,
 And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things —
 Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
 And bow their branches at a wish;
Of arbors filled with dainty scents
 From lovely flowers that never fade,
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
 And glow-worms shining in the shade;

And talking birds with gifted tongues
 For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
 Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

THOMAS HOOD.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

“I,” SAID the duck, “I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack! Quack!”

“I,” cried the dandelion, “I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry”;
And she lifted a towsled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

“I hope ‘twill pour! I hope ‘twill pour!”
Purred the tree toad at his gray back door,
“For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weatherproof.”

Sang the brook: “I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way out to the sea.”

“I,” shouted Ted, “for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my rain coat on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
That I find on my way to school.”

CLARA DOTY BATES.

KENTUCKY BABE

SKEETERS am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine,—

 Sleep, Kentucky Babe !

Sandman am a comin' to dis little coon of mine,—

 Sleep, Kentucky Babe !

Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above,

Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love :

Yo' is mighty lucky, babe of old Kentucky,—

 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,

Lay yo' kinky, wooly head on yo' mammy's breast,—

 Um-um-um-um,—

 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy's in de canebrake wid his little dog and gun,—

 Sleep, Kentucky Babe !

Possum fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is done,—

 Sleep, Kentucky Babe !

Bogie man'll catch yo' sure unless yo' close yo' eyes,

Waitin' 'jes outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise !

Bes' be keepin' shady, little colored lady,—

 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

RICHARD HENRY BUCK.

THE RAGGLE, TAGGLE GYPSIES

THERE were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran this lady, O.
One sang high and another sang low,
And the other sang "Bonnie, Bonnie Biskay, O."

Then she pulled off her silken gown,
And put on hose of leather, O.
With the ragged, ragged rags about her door
She's off with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O.

'Twas late last night when my lord came home,
Inquiring for his lady, O.
The servants said on every hand,
"She's gone with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

"Oh, saddle for me my milk-white steed,
Oh, saddle for me my pony, O,
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who's gone with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

Oh, he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses, O,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his lady, O.

“What makes you leave your house and lands ?
What makes you leave your money, O ?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord
To go with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O ?”

“What care I for my house and lands ?
What care I for my money, O ,
What care I for my new-wedded lord ?
I’m off with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O .”

“Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O .
To-night you will sleep in the cold, open field,
Along with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O .”

“What care I for your goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O ?
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold, open field,
Along with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O .”

OLD FOLK SONG.



A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails ;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake" ; —
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays ;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky ;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song !

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song !

O you that are so strong and cold !
O blower, are you young or old ?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me ?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THREE BUGS

THREE little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two !
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me, or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all ;
But what should three bugs do ?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two ;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you ;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold ;
So they all three fell to quarreling, —
The white, and black, and the gold ;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold !

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,

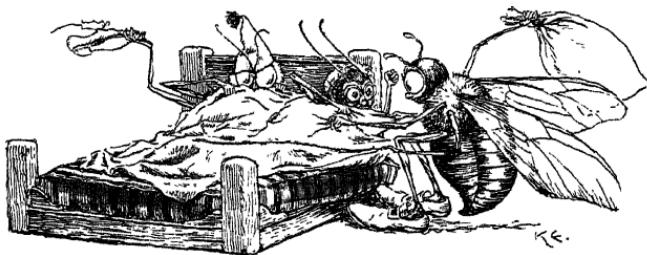
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

And so there was war in the basket,
Oh, pity 'tis, 'tis true !

But he that was frozen, and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them too !

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree, —
The white, and the black, and the gold —
And share what comes of the beds and the crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold !

ALICE CARY.



LITTLE GUSTAVA

LITTLE Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
“Ha ! ha !” laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray coaxing cat
With her little pink nose, and she mews, “What’s that ?”
Gustava feeds her, — she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
“Good day !” cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and crimson feet:
“Welcome !” cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.
But who is this through the doorway comes ?
Little Scotch terriér, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags :
“Ha, ha !” laughs little Gustava.

“You want ^{some} breakfast too ?” and down
She sets her bowl on brick floor brown ;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks like silk :
“Dear Rags !” says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow :
“Won’t you come in, good folk ?” she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stood outside
Though “Pray come in !” cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door
“Dear little daughter, I bring you some more.
My merry little Gustava !”

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh, her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava !

CELIA THAXTER.

FROGS AT SCHOOL

TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool,—
Twenty little coats of green;
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
“We must be in time,” said they:
“First we study, then we play:
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school.”

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say “Ker-chog !”
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast ;
Bullfrogs they became at last ;
Not one dunce among the lot ;
Not one lesson they forgot ;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

WINDY NIGHTS

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about ?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

WHERE do all the daisies go ?

I know, I know !

Underneath the snow they creep,

Nod their little heads and sleep,

In the springtime out they peep ;

That is where they go !

Where do all the birdies go ?

I know, I know !

Far away from winter snow,

To the far, warm south they go ;

Where they stay till daisies blow,

That is where they go !

Where do all the babies go ?

I know, I know !

In the glancing firelight warm,

Safely sheltered from all harm,

Soft they lie on mother's arm,

That is where they go !

OLD DAME CRICKET

OLD Dame Cricket, down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine, —

Queer little chaps, in glossy black caps
And brown little suits so fine.

“My children,” she said,
“The birds are abed :
Go and make the dark earth glad !
Chirp while you can !”
And then she began, —
Till, oh, what a concert they had !

They hopped with delight
They chirped all night,
Singing, “Cheer up ! cheer up ! cheer !”
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

“Nice children,” she said,
“And very well bred.
My darlings have done their best.
Their naps they must take :
The birds are awake ;
And they can sing all the rest.”

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

THE city mouse lives in a house ; —

The garden mouse lives in a bower,

He's friendly with the frogs and toads,

And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese ; —

The garden mouse eats what he can ;

We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,

Poor little timid, furry man.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE ROBIN

WHEN father takes his spade to dig,

Then Robin comes along.

He sits upon a little twig,

And sings a little song.

Or, if the trees are rather far,

He does not stay alone,

But comes up close to where we are,

And bobs upon a stone.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE

WHEN children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass ;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by !

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig ;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to sleep and not trouble your head ;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

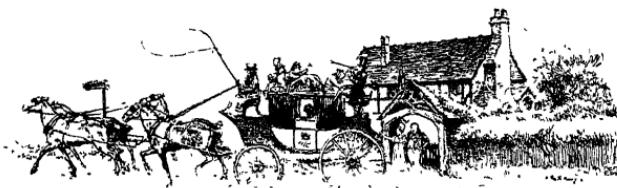
GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth ! how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah ! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
“ You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot :
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot ! ”

W. B. RANDS.



FAREWELL TO THE FARM

THE coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing :
Good-by, good-by, to everything !

To house and garden, field, and lawn,
The meadow gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-by, good-by, to everything !

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft, where the cobwebs cling,
Good-by, good-by, to everything !

Crack goes the whip, and off we go ;
The trees and houses smaller grow ;
Last, round the woody turn we swing ;
Good-by, good-by, to everything !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

GAELIC LULLABY

HUSH ! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam ;
Father toils amid the din ;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep, —
On they come, on they come !
Brother seeks the wandering sheep ;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,¹
Where they roam, where they roam ;
Sister goes to seek the cows ;
But baby sleeps at home.

A CHILD'S GRACE

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it ;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

ROBERT BURNS.

¹ Knowes, low hills.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep.
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
 May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil,
 From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. BARING-GOULD.

GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT ! Good-night !
Far flies the light ;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good-night ! Good-night !

PART TWO

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

Gabriel Setoun.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?

The North Wind, Freddie, and all the snow,
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?

The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?

The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?

The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh ! don't you wish that you were me ?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas ;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine ;
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat ;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh ! don't you wish that you were me ?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead. •
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often, while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go.
She is a lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

THE Man in the Moon as he sails the sky
Is a very remarkable skipper.
But he made a mistake
When he tried to take
A drink of milk from the Dipper.

He dipped right into the Milky Way
And slowly and carefully filled it.
The Big Bear growled
And the Little Bear howled,
And scared him so that he spilled it.



TOPSY TURVY WORLD

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cats had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gypsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,—
The world would be upside-down!
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be inside-out.

WILLIAM B. RANDS.

WHEN

WHEN cherries grow on apples trees,
And kittens wear lace caps,
And boys their sisters never tease,
And bears wear woolen wraps ;

When all the nursery dolls and toys
Begin to dance and play,
Then little girls and little boys
May lie in bed all day.

When donkeys learn to sing and dance,
When pigs talk politics,
When London is a town of France,
When two and two make six,

When drops of rain are real pearls,
When coal is clear and white,
Then little boys and little girls
May sit up late at night.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

THE BLUEBIRD

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging,
Brave little fellow ! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark ! how the music leaps out from his throat !
Hark ! was there ever so merry a note ?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying :

“Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know ;
Hark ! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and springtime is here !

“Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise ;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes ;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils, daffodils ! say, do you hear ?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here !”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

INDIAN LULLABY

ROCK-A-BY, hush-a-by, little papoose,
The stars come into the sky ;
The whippoorwill's crying, the daylight is dying,
The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
The squirrel has gone to his nest ;
The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
The little ones warm with her breast.

The roebuck is dreaming, my little papoose,
His mate lies asleep at his side ;
The breezes are pining, the moonbeams are shining
All over the prairie wide.

Then hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
You sail on the river of dreams ;
Dear Manitou loves you and watches above you
Till time when the morning light gleams.

CHARLES MYALL.

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest ;
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE WAY THE MORNING DAWNS

THIS is the way the morning dawns:
 Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
 Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns —
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up:
 Gold on brook and glossy leaves,
 Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine, and rose, and buttercup —
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the river flows:
 Here a whirl and there a dance;
 Slowly now, then like a lance;
Swiftly to the sea it goes —
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the rain comes down:
 Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
 Over roof and chimney top;
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown —
This is the way the rain comes down.

THANKSGIVING DAY

OVER the river and through the wood,

To grandfather's house we go;

The horse knows the way

To carry the sleigh

Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood —

Oh, how the wind does blow !

It stings the toes and bites the nose,

As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,

To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding!"

Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day !

Over the river and through the wood

Trot fast, my dapple-gray !

Spring over the ground, like a hunting hound !

For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,

And straight through the barnyard gate.

We seem to go extremely slow, —

It is so hard to wait !

Over the river and through the wood —

Now grandmother's cap I spy !

Hurrah for the fun ! Is the pudding done ?

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie !

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

LADY MOON

“LADY Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving ?”

“Over the sea.”

“Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving ?”

“All that love me.”

“Are you not tired with rolling and never

Resting to sleep ?

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever

Wishing to weep ?”

“Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;

You are too bold :

I must obey my dear Father above me,

And do as I'm told.”

“Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving ?”

“Over the sea.”

“Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving ?”

“All that love me.”

LORD HOUGHTON.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

THERE's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old, I can write a letter,
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell ;
O cuckoopint ! toll me the purple clapper,
That hangs in your clear, green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it, —
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day !

JEAN INGELOW.

ROMANCE

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory ;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck ;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck ;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low ;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row ;
And cutlasses down to their knees ;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea ;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



LADYBIRD

LADYBIRD ! Ladybird ! fly away home ;
The field mouse is gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the birds and the bees are at rest.

Ladybird ! Ladybird ! fly away home ;
The glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings,
Will flag¹ with the close-clinging damp.

Ladybird ! Ladybird ! fly away home ;
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Ladybird ! Ladybird ! fly away home ;
The fairy bells tinkle afar ;
Make haste, or they'll catch you and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's² car.

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

¹ flag: *droop*.

² Oberon: King of the fairies.

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;

Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses :

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.

If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.
“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”
Said
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeard are we !”

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

MR. NOBODY

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house !

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;

That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots;— they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,

Where the gray trout lies asleep,

Up the river and o'er the lea,

That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,

Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,

Where the nestlings chirp and flee,

That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,

Where the hay lies thick and greenest,

There to trace the homeward bee,

That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,

Where the shadow falls the deepest,

Where the clustering nuts fall free,

That's the way for Billy and me.

But this I know, I love to play,

Through the meadow, among the hay;

Up the water and over the lea,

That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

LITTLE GIRLS

If no one ever marries me, —
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good —

If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit hutch ;

I shall have a cottage near a wood
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town ;

And when I'm getting really old, —
At twenty-eight or nine —
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

A NAUTICAL BALLAD

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip,
Was the Walloping Window-Blind.

No gale that blew dismayed her crew,
Nor troubled the captain's mind.

The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow;
And it often appeared — when the weather had cleared —
He had been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
And he played hopscotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.

And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after-rail
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And dined in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.

The cook was Dutch and behaved as such,
For the diet he gave the crew,
Was a number of tons of hot cross-buns,
Served up with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast our vessel ashore,
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poo-Poo smiles
And the Rumpletum-Bunders roar.

We sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee:
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats,
As they danced by the sounding sea.

On Rug-gub bark, from dawn till dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came in from the Torriby Zone.

She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew,
The bark of the Rug-gub tree.

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL.

THE JUMBLIES

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.

And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.

And every one said who saw them go,
“Oh! won’t they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it’s extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast.”

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.

And they passed the night in a crockery jar;
And each of them said, “How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin.”

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song,
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
 In the shade of the mountains brown.

“O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
All night long in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
 In the shade of the mountains brown.”

Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees;
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,
 And a hive of silvery bees;

And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
 And no end of Stilton cheese.

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back, —
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, “How tall they’ve grown !
For they’ve been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore.”

And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumpling made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, “If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore.”

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE LOST LAMB

STORM upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne !
And the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone !

Storm upon the mountain,
Rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb,
Bleating, ever bleating !

Down the glen the shepherd
Drives his flock afar ;
Through the mirky mist and cloud,
Shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son ;
Sees the sheep come trooping home,
Counts them one by one ;

Counts them full and fairly, —
Trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Up the glen he races,
Breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain and leaves
Wood and wold behind ; —
Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne, —
There he finds the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Struggling, panting, sobbing,
Kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck
Both his arms are wound ;
Soon within his bosom,
All its bleatings done,
Home he bears the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Oh ! the happy faces,
By the shepherd's fire !

High without the tempest roars,
But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
Make that joy their own, —
In their midst the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE MOON

THE moon has a face like the clock in the hall ;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way ;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SANTA CLAUS

HE comes in the night ! he comes in the night !

 He softly, silently comes ;

While the little brown heads on the pillows so white

 Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,

 While the white flakes around him whirl ;

Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home

 Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide ;

 It will carry a host of things,

While dozens of drums hang over the side,

 With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,

 Not a bugle blast is blown,

As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird,

 And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,

 Till the stockings will hold no more ;

The bright little sleds for the great snow hills

 Are quickly set down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.

Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man
When you find who the little man is.

UNKNOWN.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name ;

“Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away all !”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky ;

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry !
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;

The stump of a pipe he held in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath ;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself ;

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
And sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night.”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

AULD DADDY DARKNESS

AULD Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole:
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cozy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,

Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean us frae oor waes,
He comes when the bairnies are getting aff their claes ;
To cover them sae cosy, an' bring bonnie dreams,
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then ;
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain ;
Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
Till Wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill.

JAMES FERGUSON.

frae: <i>from</i>	ca': <i>work</i>
blin': <i>blind</i>	wean: <i>draw</i>
lowes: <i>glows</i>	waes: <i>woes</i>
bairnie: <i>child</i>	claes: <i>clothes</i>
wantit: <i>wanted</i>	sae: <i>so</i>
licht: <i>light</i>	steek: <i>close</i>
gloomin': <i>frowning</i>	een: <i>eyes</i>
nicht: <i>nigh</i>	fain: <i>wishing</i>
lap: <i>cover up</i>	bosie: <i>bosom</i>
floowers: <i>flowers</i>	keekin': <i>peeping</i>
mither: <i>mother</i>	

A LOBSTER QUADRILLE

“Will you walk a little faster?”

Said a whiting to a snail,

“There’s a porpoise close behind us,

And he’s treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters

And the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle —

Will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,

Will you join the dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,

Won’t you join the dance?

“You can really have no notion

How delightful it will be

When they take us up and throw us,

With the lobsters, out to sea!”

But the snail replied, “Too far, too far!”

And gave a look askance —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly,

But he would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not,

Could not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not,
Could not join the dance.

“What matters it how far we go?”

His scaly friend replied,
“There is another shore, you know,
Upon the other side.

The further off from England

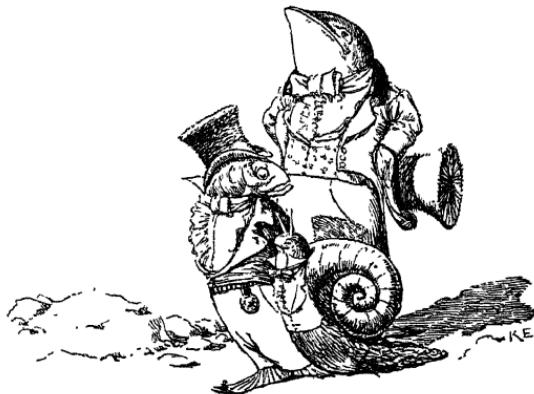
The nearer is to France —

Then turn not pale, beloved snail,
But come and join the dance.

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,
Will you join the dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,
Won’t you join the dance?

LEWIS CARROLL.



MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head ;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow ;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him
at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see ;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks
to me !

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in
bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
120

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

“To-WHIT, to-whit, to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?”

“Not I,” said the cow ; “moo-oo !
Such a thing I’d never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn’t take your nest away.
Not I,” said the cow ; “moo-oo !
Such a thing I’d never do !”

“Bob-o’-link ! bob-o’-link !
*Now, what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day ?”

“Not I,” said the dog ; “bow-wow !
I wouldn’t be so mean anyhow
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I,” said the dog ; “bow-wow !
I wouldn’t be so mean anyhow !”

“Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo !
Let me speak a word or two :
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow breast ?”

“Not I,” said the sheep ; “oh, no !
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa !” said the sheep ; “oh, no !
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so !”

“Caw, caw !” cried the crow ;
“I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird’s nest to-day.”

“Cluck, cluck !” said the hen ;
“Don’t ask me again ;
Why, I haven’t a chick
Would do such a trick !
We each gave her a feather
And she wove them together.
I’d scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Cluck, cluck !” said the hen ;
“Don’t ask me again.”

“Chir-a-whir ! chir-a-whir !
We’ll make a great stir,
And find out his name,
And all cry, ‘For shame !’”

“I would not rob a bird,”
Said little Mary Green ;
“I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.”

“It is very cruel too,”
Said little Alice Neal ;
“I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel !”

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed ;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast ;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn’t like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



WISHING

RING-TING ! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose blooming in the spring.

 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king !

Nay — stay ! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great, lofty elm tree with green leaves gay !

 The winds would set them dancing,
 The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And ever sweetly sing !

Oh — no ! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go ;
 Through forest, field, or garden,
 And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings !

Well — tell ! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell ?

Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE OWL

WHEN cats run home and light is come,

And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,

And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round ;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,

And rarely smells the new-mown hay,

And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch

Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay ;

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

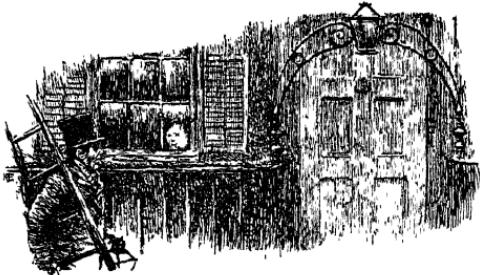
THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the
street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps
with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

UNDER a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain,
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter —
· Maybe a mile !
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse —
“Good gracious me !
“Where is my toadstool ?”
Loud he lamented.
— And that’s how umbrellas
First were invented.

OLIVER HERFORD.

THE SANDS OF DEE

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee !”
The western wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land ;
And never home came she.

Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair, —

 A tress of golden hair,

 A drownèd maiden's hair,

Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair

Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

 The cruel crawling foam,

 The cruel hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home

Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

NOVEMBER

THE leaves are fading and falling,

 The winds are rough and wild,

The birds have ceased their calling,

 But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,

 Doth darker and colder grow,

The roots of the bright red roses

 Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

ALICE CARY.

JACK FROST

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the trees
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm-trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For, creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window-pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake, you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

THIS is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
“We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one.”

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud’s a flower blown.

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon ;
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MARGERY BROWN

“MARGERY BROWN on the top of the hill,
Why are you standing idle still?”

“Oh, I’m looking over to London town;
Shall I see the horsemen if I go down?”

“Margery Brown on the top of the hill,
Why are you standing, listening still?”

“Oh, I hear the bells of London ring,
And I hear the men and the maidens sing.”

“Margery Brown on the top of the hill,
Why are you standing, waiting still?”

“Oh, a knight is there, but I can’t go down,
For the bells ring strangely in London town.”

KATE GREENAWAY.



THE LITTLE LAND

WHEN at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play ;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are ;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips ;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumble bee
Hums and passes.

In the forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go ;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.

I can in the sorrel sit,
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass :
 And on high
See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree,
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat,
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it ;
 Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —

(These have sure to battle been !) —
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone: —
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain,
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time —

Oh, dear me !
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE FAIRY

Oh, who is so merry
As the light-hearted fairy?
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry
As the light-hearted fairy?
His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

Oh, who is so merry
As the light-hearted fairy?
His night is the noon,
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !



NONSENSE RIME

THE owl and the eel and the warming pan,
They went to visit the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man he was not within,
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling pin.
So they all came back by the way of the town,
And turned the meetinghouse upside down.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LITTLE JACK FROST

LITTLE Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and the moon so still,
Watching the stars and moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.

Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the fall when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
“Oh!” sighed the flowers, “we freeze, we freeze.”
“Oh,” sighed the grasses, “we die, we die.”
Said little Jack Frost, “Good-by, good-by.”

Little Jack Frost went round and round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
And chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brought back the spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,
Then Little Jack Frost went pouting by.

The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew;
It was so warm and scorched him so,
That Little Jack Frost was glad to go.



THE FAIRY FOLK

COME cuddle close in daddy's coat
Beside the fire so bright,
And hear about the fairy folk
That wander in the night.
For when the stars are shining clear
And all the world is still,
They float across the silver moon
From hill to cloudy hill.

Their caps of red, their cloaks of green,
Are hung with silver bells,
And when they're shaken with the wind
Their merry ringing swells.
And riding on the crimson moth,
With black spots on his wings,
They guide them down the purple sky
With golden bridle rings.

They love to visit girls and boys,
To see how sweet they sleep,
To stand beside their cosy cots
And at their faces peep.

For in the whole of fairy land
They have no finer sight
Than little children sleeping sound
With faces rosy bright.

On tiptoe crowding round their heads,
When bright the moonlight beams,
They whisper little tender words
That fill their minds with dreams ;
And when they see a sunny smile,
With lightest finger tips
They lay a hundred kisses sweet
Upon the ruddy lips.

And then the little spotted moths
Spread out their crimson wings,
And bear away the fairy crowd
With shaking bridle rings.
Come bairnies, hide in daddy's coat,
Beside the fire so bright —
Perhaps the little fairy folk
Will visit you to-night.

ROBERT BIRD.

OH ! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE ?

OH ! where do fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills,
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds
And crystallized their rills ?

Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain ;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving bells,
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathèd shells
That lie in coral caves.

Perhaps in red Vesuvius,
Carousals they maintain ;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth,
And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.

The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain ;
No keyhole will be fairy proof,
When green leaves come again.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN

GRASSHOPPER GREEN is a comical chap ;

He lives on the best of fare,
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun ;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house ;

It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun ;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters;

He restoreth my soul.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His
name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,

I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine
enemies;

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life,

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

XXIII PSALM.



PART THREE

LITTLE drops of water, little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes, humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages of eternity.

Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND

“And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?”

“I’ve been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see.”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?”

“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?”

“I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill.”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

“And their harp strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all !”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?”
“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

“Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill;

“For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At the dawning of the day.

“‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill dam rise.

The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes.’

“And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

“‘And there,’ they said, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“‘Oh, the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“And some they brought the brown lint seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“‘Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night !’

“And then out spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin :
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another —
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

“And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“But, coming down from the hilltop,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

“And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

“And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung ;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

“Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be !”

MARY HOWITT.



TO MOTHER FAIRIE

Good old mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire?

I want no chubby drudges
To milk, and churn, and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
With grizzly beards, and thin;

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts;
Say, have you such to spare?

They must be very cunning
To make the future shine
Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
A-growing on one vine.

Good old mother Fairie,
Since my need you know,
Tell me, have you any folk
Wise enough to go?

ALICE CARY.

THE YARN OF THE *NANCY BELL*

'TWAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key :

“Oh ! I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn’t help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said :

“Oh, elderly man, it’s little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I’ll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

“At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen learn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

“’Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven in all),
And only ten of the *Nancy*’s men
Said ‘Here !’ to the muster-roll.

“There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we draw’d a lot, and, accordin’, shot
The captain for our meal.

“The next lot fell to the *Nancy’s* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite,
We seven survivors stayed.

“And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

“Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ‘Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?’ arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

“For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we’d both be blowed if we’d either be stowed
In the other chap’s hold, you see.

“‘I’ll be eat if you dines off me,’ says Tom;
‘Yes, that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be,’—
‘I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I;
And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“Says he, ‘Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don’t you see that you can’t cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you*!’

“So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

“‘Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
‘Twill soothing be, if I let you see
How extremely nice you’ll smell !’

“And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

“And I eat that cook in a week or less
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

“And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never larf or play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say:

“Oh ! I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig !”

W. S. GILBERT.

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

FULL fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them — ding, dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER MY WINDOW

UNDER my window, under my window,
 All in the midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
 Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
 And Maude with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
 Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
 Of each glad-hearted rover.
Oh! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
 And Maude and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
 In the blue midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
 I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
 And Maude with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes ;
While Maude she flouts and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies ;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,

Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,

Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
“Minne-wawa !” said the pine trees.
“Mudway-aushka !” said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
“Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !”

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis ?”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“Once a warrior, very angry,

Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her:
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE FROST

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,

In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,

That make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads — and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
 All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there

That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“Now, just to set them a-thinking,

I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he;

“This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three;

And the glass of water they’ve left for me

Shall ‘tchick !’ to tell them I’m drinking !”

HANNAH F. GOULD.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG

OVER the chimney the night wind sang

And chanted a melody no one knew;

And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,

And thought of the one she had long since lost,

And said, as her teardrops back she forced,

“I hate the wind in the chimney.”

Over the chimney the night wind sang . . .

And chanted a melody no one knew;

And the Children said, as they closer drew,

“ ’Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through,

’Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,

And we fear the wind in the chimney.”

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man and Woman and Child, all three
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

BRET HARTE.

THE NEW YEAR

WHO comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow
Take the child in and make him cosy.
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

DINAH M. CRAIK.



HARK! HARK! THE LARK

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty is, my lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,
“Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory!”

“I find them in the garden,
 For there’s many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
 The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in that great victory!”

“Now tell us what ‘twas all about,”
 Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;

“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“That 'twas a famous victory !

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by:
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;

For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory !

“And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But 'twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE MERMAID

"TWAS Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the captain spied a lovely mermaid
With a comb and glass in her hand.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top,
And the landlubbers lie down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he ;
"I have married a wife in Salem Town,
But to-night she a widow will be."

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship
And a fat old cook was he ;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she ;
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.

A DREAM LESSON

ONCE there was a little boy that wouldn't go to bed,
When they hinted at the subject, he would only shake
 his head,
When they asked him his intentions, he informed them
 pretty straight
That he wouldn't go to bed at all, and Nursey needn't wait.

As their arguments grew stronger, and their attitude more
 strict,
I grieve to say that naughty boy just yelled and screamed
 and kicked.
And he made up awful faces, and he told them up and
 down
That he wouldn't go to bed for all the nurses in the town.

Then Nursey lost her patience, and although it wasn't right,
Retorted that for all she cared he might sit up all night.
He approved of this arrangement, and he danced a jig
 for joy,
And turned a somersault with glee; he *was* a naughty boy.

And so they all went off to bed and left him sitting there,
Right in the corner by the fire in Grandpa's big armchair.

He read his books and played his games,— he even
sang a song,

And thought how lovely it would be to sit up all night long.

But soon his games grew stupid, and his puzzles wouldn't
work ;

He drew himself up stiffly with a sudden little jerk,
And he said, "I am not sleepy, and I love to play alone —
And — I — think —" the rest was mumbled in a drowsy
monotone.

He leaned back on the cushions like that night he had the
croup ;

His head began to wobble and his eyes began to droop ;
He closed them for a minute, just to see how it would seem,
And straightway he was sound asleep, and dreamed this
awful dream !

He thought he saw a garden filled with flowers and roses
gay,

A great big gardener with a hoe came walking down his
way ;

"Ah, ah !" exclaimed the gardener, as he clutched him by
the head,

"Here's a fine specimen I've found ; I'll plant him in this
bed !"

He held the boy in one big hand, unheeding how he cried,

And with the other dug a hole enormous, deep, and wide.

He jammed the little fellow in, and said in gruffest tone,
"This is the bed for naughty boys who won't go to their own."

And then the dirt was shoveled in,—it covered up his toes,

His ankles, knees, and waist, and arms, and higher yet it rose.

For still the gardener shoveled on, not noticing his cries;
It came up to his chin and mouth — it almost reached his eyes;

Just then he gathered all his strength and gave an awful scream,

And woke himself, and put an end to that terrific dream.
And he said as Nursey tucked him up and bade him snugly rest,

"When I am planted in a bed, I like my own the best."

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

SAYED the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
 You stare in the air
 Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
 So, deep on a heap
 Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
 On high in the sky,
 With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
 "With my sledge and my wedge,
 I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

“One puff more’s enough

To blow her to snuff !

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread.”

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air, nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone —

Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down, in town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —

“What’s that?” The glimmering thread once more !

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew ;

But in vain was the pain

Of his bursting brain ;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
And shone on her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: “What a marvel of power am I !
With my breath, good faith !
I blew her to death —

First blew her away right out of the sky —
Then blew her in ; what strength have I !”

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair ;
For high in the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs
away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,
an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
board-an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is
done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs —
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him
bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all !

An' they seeked him in the rafter room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess ;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out !

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin' ;
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks
 was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em an' said she didn't care !
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
 what she's about !

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo !
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away, —
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an'
 dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphan's
 tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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THE MILLER OF THE DEE

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
 Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
 No lark more blithe than he.

And this the burden of his song
 Forever used to be,—
“I envy nobody, no, not I,
 And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said old King Hal,
 “Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
 I’d gladly change with thee.

And tell me now, what makes thee sing
 With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I am king,
 Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.

“I earn my bread,” quoth he,

“I love my wife, I love my friend,

I love my children three;

I owe no penny I cannot pay;

I thank the river Dee,

That turns the mill and grinds the corn

To feed my babes and me.”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while,

“Farewell, and happy be;

But say no more, if thou’dst be true,

That no man envies thee:

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,

Thy mill my kingdom’s fee;

Such men as thou are England’s boast,

O miller of the Dee !”

CHARLES MACKAY.



THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

I

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

II

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
“Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me !

But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

III

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

IV

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl;
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog, and the Fimble Fowl;
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat, —

Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that !
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee !”

V

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat,—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

VI

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
“When all these creatures move
What a wonderful noise there’ll be !”
And at night by the light of the Mulberry moon
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BUMBLE-BEE AND CLOVER

CAME a roaring bumble-bee,
Pockets full of money.
“ Ah, good morning, Clover sweet,
What's the price of honey ? ”

“ Help yourself, sir,” Clover said,
“ Bumble, you're too funny ;
Never Clover yet so poor
She must sell her honey.”



LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee,
Now when they got so far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another, we should agree !
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

“Oh! Billy, we’re going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie.”

When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

“First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me.”

“Make haste, make haste,” says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast
And down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps, “There’s land I see:

“Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There’s the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B.”

So when they got aboard of the Admiral’s
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a Seventy-Three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main:
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?”
“‘Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” —
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father ! I hear the sound of guns.
Oh, say, what may it be ?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !”

“O father ! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be ?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies ;
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,

In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

HIGH upon Highlands and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day.
Saddled and bridled, and gallant rode he ;
Home came his good horse, but never came he.
Out came his old mother, weeping full sore,
And out came his bonnie bride, tearing her hair.
Saddled and bridled and booted rode he ;
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee.
"My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build, and my babe is unborn."
Empty home came his saddle, all bloody to see,
And home came his good horse, but never came he.

LITTLE DANDELION

GAY little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above :
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering ;
Violets delay :
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion !
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.

Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.

High tides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high:
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud !
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay !
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

LUCY GRAY

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew:
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father, will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!”

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band;
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That riseth up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor:
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet”;
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And farther there were none! —

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child:
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HUNTING SONG

Up, up ! ye dames and lasses gay !
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.

Not a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse :
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.

Not a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



CUDDLE DOON

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
"Oh, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gi'e a froon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"
Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid —
He aye sleeps neist the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece";
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun';

Then draw the blankets up and cry,
“Noo, weanies, cuddle doon.”

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,
“Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance—
He's kittlin' wi' his taes.”
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon :
But aye I hap them up an' cry.
“O bairnies, cuddle doon!”

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as 'e steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
“Hae a' the weans been gude?” he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon ;
“The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon.”

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,
We look at oor wee lambs ;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.

I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An', as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

faucht: <i>scuffling</i>	kittlin': <i>tickling</i>
waukrife: <i>wakeful</i>	taes: <i>toes</i>
gi'e: <i>give</i>	fit: <i>foot</i>
froon: <i>frown</i>	steeks: <i>shuts</i>
hap: <i>cover</i>	straik: <i>stroke</i>
neist: <i>next</i>	warl's: <i>world's</i>
piece: <i>something to eat</i>	quaten: <i>quiet</i>
a wee: <i>a little</i>	ilha ane: <i>every one</i>
claes: <i>clothes</i>	aboon: <i>above</i>
pows: <i>heads</i>	

WE ARE SEVEN

I MET a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little Maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

“So in the church-yard she was laid,
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven?”
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,
“Oh, Master, we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!”
’Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FATHER WILLIAM

“You are old, Father William,” the young man said,
“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box
Allow me to sell you a couple?”

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?”

“I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”
Said his father; “don’t give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I’ll kick you down-stairs!”

LEWIS CARROLL.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR

My little neighbor's table's set,
And slyly he comes down the tree,
His feet firm in each tiny fret
The bark has fashioned cunningly.

He pauses on a favorite knot;
Beneath the oak his feast is spread;
He asks no friend to share his lot,
Or dine with him on acorn bread.

He keeps his whiskers trim and neat,
His tail with care he brushes through;
He runs about on all four feet—
When dining, he sits up on two.

He has the latest stripe in furs,
And wears them all the year around;
He does not mind the prick of burs
When there are chestnuts to be found.

I watch his home and guard his store,
A cozy hollow in a tree;
He often sits within his door,
And chatters wondrous things to me.

MARY AUGUSTA MASON.

BETH-GÊLERT

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:

“ Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

“ Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flow'r of all his race?
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase !”

’Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found.
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
 The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied :
 When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood :
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise :
 Unused such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
 And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn pass'd,
And on went Gêlert too,
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side;
But nowhere found his child.

“Hell-hound! my child by thee's devour'd!”
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh :
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry !

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe :
“ Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic blow, which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue.”

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear,
And there as evening fell,
In Fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh
my help:

My help cometh from the Lord which made Heaven and
earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor
sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper.

The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by
night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.

He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

CXXI PSALM.

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